

Family Miscellany.

For the Principia.
LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

I walk along the laughing stream,
Unlocked from winter's stern embraces,
And mark the merry sunlight gleam
And sparkle o'er the ripples' faces.

Though scarce from o'er the southern slopes
The snow is gone—the sun-glance meeting—
In snowflakes, spots, sweet violets,
Sun-burn and pure, give modest greeting.

Winter is gone—sun-smiled away;
Spring, fairer still, now advances;
Forms rise—long tain in frozen graves—
Edging all that Beauty faces.

Where Winter reigned, Spring smiles around;
Thine in the sun's light, light is found;
From Death's dark shadows, life arises!

When sin's dark night enshrouds the mind,
The dreary waste is all unknown;
True life not beauty there we find;
"Let there be Light!" is yet unspoken.

But death and darkness give place,
When Christ, the Light of Life has risen,
And wrought his image in the soul,
Love sought and saved from sin's dear prison.

And now, Hope soars above despair;
Smiles o'er a sea of tears are playing;
Highest note when humbled bowed—
Nearest to God, when lowliest praying.

O, Light of Life!—O Life of Life!
O Thou, of Light and Life the Giver!
Streaks light, give life into my soul;
O, shine, and see me never sever.

Ossoli, Misc., Dec. 9th, 1862.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

The moon has darkened her gentle face,
The clouds are sullen and grey,
But my true love is home from the war,
And my heart is blithe as May.

O woodland, talk no more with th' winds
That blow so wild and rough,
But put on your crown of golden leaves,
For you cannot be bright enough.

Poor, little, pitiful flowers, I would
I could gather you out of the dew,
For the sun-kissed all a phantasy,
And nothing but love is true.

I know not who has lost or won,
Nor who has lived or died,
I only know that my love has come,
And I nothing know beside.

Poor little pitiful lambs, I feel
You were lying low at my feet
For your grassy, green, and weariness,
And nothing but love is sweet.

[The following comes to us from the Army, in hand-bill form. We do not publish it as a model of literature, but to show the spirit of our western soldiers, who understand themselves to be fighting for the Union as it should be—without slavery. It comes, as would seem, from a "Gray beard" regiment, composed of volunteer ex-emplars.]

GRAY BEARDS ARE MARCHING ON.
The Gray Beard Regiment is coming, from Iowa's distant shore,
To help to fill the ranks of six hundred thousand more,
And help our boys to fight as they never fought before.

Gray Beards are marching on.
We leave our homes and loved ones, session for to fight;
This is a freedom's duty—love freedom and the right—
Our land and Constitution to save from slavery's blight.

Gray Beards are marching on.
Our Iowa boys don't falter nor turn their backs in flight,
They love to fight proud slaves and put them all to flight,
The Gray Beard Regiment is coming to help with all its might.

Gray Beards are marching on.
Our officers are good men; our Colonel true as steel;
Our men are all true grit—this truth the rebels feel—
And Iowa the Banner State upon our country's seal.

Gray Beards are marching on.
Our cause is all our country, united as one—
As left us by our fathers in ages that are gone—
This is the favored land where freedom first was born.

Gray Beards are marching on.
Our country wedded freedom, a virgin pure and chaste,
And not this pimp of slavery, that pampers a vile caste,
Because they cannot rule us, our country they will waste.

Gray Beards are marching on.
Our President now proclaims true freedom to our race,
This is God's gift to mankind, still flowing from his grace,
And gives the slave his freedom before their haughty face.

Gray Beards are marching on.
The Silver Grays are coming, to see this carried out—
To humble vice and sin, and put it to the rout,
To cure it of the swell head, and its rheumatic gout.

Gray Beards are marching on.
When slavery is abolished, rebellion will be dead,
And this has been proclaimed by our country's legal head,
And we'll hold on to freedom as by the nation's lead.

Gray Beards are marching on.
Our flag no more will be disgraced by slaves on the sea,
While Gray Beards are ready to fight for liberty,
This most delightful privilege belong to you and me.

Gray Beards are marching on.
What glory now belongs to the Gray Beards of this age,
Foul slavery to blot out from our country's history's page,
And crush it down to death, though fearfully it may rage!

Gray Beards are marching on.
We'll Peace and Union have, then, when slavery is dead,
And not again delay our nation's marriage bed,
Gray Beards are now determined that it shall lose its head.

Gray Beards are marching on.
Let those who would it pamper to keep us from being free,
Beware lest they themselves should touch the Upan tree,
And we Gray Beards are coming to make our country free.

Gray Beards are marching on.
But those who stay at home and point at us with scorn,
May live to curse the day that ever they were born,
This dark and dreadful night to us is their celestial morn.

Gray Beards are marching on.
If Mothers were called out to fight, the Tories' blood to shed,
Secession sympathizers would crawl under the bed,
Amongst the noble Gray Beards they dare not show their head.

Gray Beards are marching on.
While we are marching on,
For the Principia.

HOLIDAYS.

Holidays are a blessed institution! It is a mistaken wisdom which despises them, disregards them, labels them foolish, counts them out, as wasted time. We all need a play-day, once in a while, and ought to have it. The oldest and wisest among us are not so old and wise that they may not be benefitted by occasional relaxation. The mind cannot be strained to its utmost tension, from month to month, and year to year, with impunity. We must unbind the bow, loosen the string, occasionally, that the elasticity may be retained. Let the perplexed merchant, the befogged lawyer, the plotting statesman, the misty philosopher, the hard-working reformer, come down from his height, or up from his depth, as the case may be, for a frolic with the children, a family chat on small matters, a play-skill. If "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so likewise it makes John a stupid man. Therefore let him forget, for a day, that he is one of the pillars of State, and remember that he

is one of the pillars of Family; let him forgo his counting-house, and bend his energies to getting up a Christmas tree, for little bright eyes at home; let "injunctions" and "attachments," and "writs," fade away, and rosy cheeks, prattling tongues, and baby laughter, take their place; let the interests of humanity in general, pale before the interests of humanity in particular; let dry business schemes give way to warm, glowing plans for pleasant family surprises. The toiler will return to his work with a stronger arm, a braver heart, a clearer vision, a nobler aim.

We do not have holidays enough, in this busy, practical, goal-headed age; and we do not seem to know exactly what to do with those we have. Thanksgiving Day is more appropriately and beautifully observed in New England, and in some country places in the other States, than any other holiday. But how different is it in the city! How few are the cheerful, cordial, family gatherings, and how aimless and meaningless is the general observance of the day. Think of celebrating the earnest, hearty old Puritan Thanksgiving by going to the Opera, or Baroum's! Would this be done if families, as families, celebrated the day, as it should be celebrated? Why should not Thanksgiving Day be all it was, in the good old days of yore—a family day, anticipated and enjoyed, from the aged grandaunt to the "toddling wee ones" at his knee?

The Christmas holidays are celebrated in a spasmodic way, each person amusing himself as he fancies, or trying up little odds and ends of business, or doing nothing at all, according to circumstance and inclination.

The custom of New Year's calling, so prevalent in the cities, is a pleasant one, and worthy all honor. What though it has, in many cases, degenerated into a mere rowdyism of drinking and running riot? Is the idea of friendly meeting, and greeting with kind wishes and pleasant social chat, on the first day of the New Year, less beautiful, because of these abuses?

The Fourth of July, too, has suffered from not being rightly treated by the right sort of people; so that our National holiday has come to be honored by small boys and young rowdies, and dreaded by the more quiet and respectable portion of the community. This is the abuse, not the legitimate use of the holiday.

Holidays should be heart-days, love-days—they should be golden links to bind us closer together, as Nations, States, friends, and families. Let us remember each other unselfishly, arrange little pleasures for each other, exercise all our skill and ingenuity in devising means for the happiness of our friends. Let us brush away the cobwebs of perplexing thought and care, and let in the warm sunshine of affection. Let us adapt ourselves to one another. Let the children hang up their stockings, on Christmas eve, and find them stuffed full of "goodies," when they group shiveringly after them in the morning twilight.

And the children, in their turn, will invest the accumulated pennies in the little tin "savings banks," for something "nice" with which to surprise papa and mamma—if anything formed by tiny little fingers so much the better; they will be treasured carefully for long years to come. By all means, parent, have a Christmas tree, on every return of that holiday. Children are naturally poetic, and the same gift is a score of times more beautiful, if presented in a novel and fanciful manner. With how much happiness may holidays be fraught for the children! How joyously they look forward, and count the days, for the anticipated one, and how fondly they dwell upon the memory of the last! The claim which binds the children to home and loved ones, should be wreathed with roses, and holy precepts and pure instruction should mingle with memories of sainted days. So would it be, if we made the right use of the holidays.

Above all, let us have no hypocrisy mingled with these festive days. Let us make no gifts of mere ceremony and obligation—no gifts which the heart cannot accompany.

But no holidays are more joyous, more worthy to be celebrated, than family holidays; anniversaries of weddings and birthdays. How beautiful a custom for brothers and sisters, parents and children, to remember each other on such occasions! How bright, and warm, and glowing it renders the family circle—how much dearer each member—how much more delightful home—than all else in the wide world! Can the influence of such holidays be other than ennobling, purifying, heart-enriching? All hail the holidays, and may they make us happier, better, stronger, for the work-days of life!

THE LANGUAGES OF BRITAIN.

The following extract is from a work of Wm. Harrison, a quaint English writer of the sixteenth century.

The British tongue called Cymric doth yet remain in that part of the island which is now called Wales, whither the Britons were driven after the Saxons had made a full conquest of the other, which we now call England, although the pristine integrity thereof be not a little diminished by mixture of the Latin and Saxon speeches withal.

Howbeit, most of the folks which dwell in that part of the island, which is now called Wales, doth yet retain in their speech, a mixture of the Latin and Saxon speeches withal.

Next unto the British speech, the Latin tongue was brought in by the Romans, and in manner generally planted through the whole region, as the French was after, by the Normans. Of this tongue I will not say much, because there are few which be not skilful in the same. Howbeit, as the speech itself is easy and delectable, so hath it perverted the names of the ancient rivers, regions, and cities of Britain, in such wise, that these our days the old British dominions are quite grown out of memory, and yet those of the new Latin left as most uncertain. This remaineth, also, unto my time, borrowed from the Romans, that all our deeds, evidences, charters, and writings of record, are set down in the Latin tongue though now very barbarous, and therewith the copies and rolls, and process of courts and letters registered in the same.

The third language apparently known is the Scottish, or High Dutch, induced at the first by the Saxons which the Britons call Saxonese, as they do the speakers Saxon, a hard and rough kind of speech, God wot, when our nation was brought first into acquaintance with it, and now changed with us into a far more dainty and civil kind of language, and so polished and helped with a new and milder words, that it is to be avouched how there is one speech under the sun spoken in our time that hath or can have more variety of

words, copiousness of phrases, or figures, and flowers of eloquence, than hath our English tongue; although some have affirmed us rather to bark as dogs than talk like men, because the most of our words (as they do indeed) incline unto one cry, and another, as to be noted as a testimony remaining still of our language, derived from the Saxons, that the general name, for the most part, of every skilful artificer in his trade endeth in here with us, albeit the A he left out, and ex only inserted, as, scrivener here, writcher, shipper, &c.—for scrivener, writer, and shipper, &c., beside many other relics of that speech, never to be abolished.

After the Saxon tongue came the Norman or French language over into our country, and therein were our laws written for a long time. Our children, also, were, by especial decree, taught first to speak the same, and then to learn their letters in the same, and so the French language was sent to the grammar-school. In like sort, few bishops, abbots, or other clergymen, were admitted into any ecclesiastical function here among us, but such as came out of religious houses from beyond the seas, to the end they should not use the English tongue in their sermons to the people. In the court, also, it grew into such contempt, that not a man of law, or of arms, or of any other profession, was allowed to speak any English there; which brought his hold at the last likewise in the country with every ploughman, that even the very carter began to wear weary of their mother-tongue, and laboured to speak French, which as then was counted no small token of gentility. And no marvel; for every French word for a gentleman, only because he was proud, and could use his own language. And all this (I say) to exile the English and British speeches quite out of the country. But in vain; for in the time of king Edward I., to wit, toward the latter end of his reign, the French speech ceased to be spoken of generally, and the English speech began to be used again, and so the English tongue began to recover and grow in more estimation than before; notwithstanding that, among our artificers, the most part of their implements, tools, and words of art, retain still their French denominations even to these our days, as the language itself is used likewise in sundry courts, books of record, and matters of law; whereof here is no place to make any particular rehearsal.

Afterward, also, by diligent travail of Geoffrey Chaucer and John Gower, in the time of Richard II., and after them John Skogan and John Lydgate, a monk of Bury, our said tongue was brought to an excellent pass, notwithstanding that it never came unto the type of perfection until the time of Henry VIII., wherein John Colet, a learned and excellent writer, has fully accomplished the orature of the same, to their great praise and immortal commendation; although not a few others do greatly seek to stain the same, by fond affectation of foreign and strange words, presuming that to be the best English which is most corrupted with external terms of eloquence and some of many syllables. But as this excellency of the English tongue is found in one, and the south part of this island, so in Wales the greatest number (as I said) retain still their own ancient language, that the north part of said country being less corrupted than the other, and therefore reputed for the better in their own estimation and judgment. This also, is proper to our Englishmen, that since ours is a middle or intermediate language, and neither rough nor too smooth in utterance, we may with much facility learn any other language, beside Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and speak it naturally, as if we were born in those countries; and yet on the other side it falleth out, that by what other means, that few foreign nations can rightly pronounce ours, without some that great note of imperfection, especially the Frenchmen, who also seldom write anything that savoureth of English truth. But this of all the rest doth breed most admiration with me, that if any stranger should come to us, and in the first place should hear us speak in our own tongue, yet in age he sweareth so much from the same, that he is worse therein than ever he was, and thereto, peradventure, halfeeth not a little also in his own, as I have seen by experience in Reynold Wolfe, and others, whereof I will say nothing more.

The Cornish, and Devonshire men, whose country the Britons call Cornish, have a speech in like sort of their own, and such as hath indeed more affinity with the American tongue than I can well discuss of. Yet in mine opinion, they are both but a corrupted kind of British, albeit so far degenerating in these days from the old, that it either of them doth seem to be a Welshman, or a Cornishman, at the first to understand one another, except here and there in some old words, without the help of interpreters. And no marvel, in mine opinion, that the British of Cornwall is thus corrupted, since the Welsh tongue of Wales doth differ so much in itself, as the English used in Scotland, to doth from which is spoken among us here in this side of the island, as I have said already.

The Scottish-English hath been much broader and less pleasant in utterance than ours, because that nation hath not, till of late, endeavored to bring the same to any perfect order, and yet it was in manner as Englishmen themselves doth not speak for, but beyond the Trent, whither any great amendment of our language had not, as then, extended itself. Howbeit, in our time the Scottish language endeavoureth to come near, if not altogether to match, our tongue in fluency of phrase and copiousness of words, and this may in part appear by a history of the Apocryphal, dedicated to the king of that country, and containing six books, except my memory do fail me.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that this term is here misapplied, and that the Highlanders of Scotland still speak of the English as Saxonese (meaning Saxons).

CONSEQUENCE OF GAMBLING.

In the year 1854, a number of individuals were arrested for keeping a gambling house on Chesnut st., near Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The counsel, for the prosecution was sitting in his office, one day, when a young man of genteel exterior and good address entered and the following dialogue ensued.

"I have been summoned to-morrow as a witness against —, for keeping a gambling house. Unless it is absolutely necessary," said he, as his agitation increased, "I wish, sir, if you would permit me, to see him."

"I don't know," said the counsel, "that the conviction will depend upon your testimony, but as you are an important witness, it may be necessary to bring you upon the stand."

"My reasons for asking this favor are urgent," said he, "and the consequence of refusal may be fatal to my prosperity and the happiness of others." He became again agitated, and the request of the gentleman he continued.

"I am to be married to Mr. —'s daughter, residing on Chesnut street. The preparations are made, and the day is fixed. If I am called upon as a witness in this case, I shall eliminate myself, and be exposed to the eyes of my friends, and the public gaze, as a gambler. My character will be lost, my prospects ruined, and the happiness of my wife and children, and of course my happiness destroyed."

"You shall not be called, young man," said the counsel, "unless it is absolutely necessary; and with this assurance they separated; not without some painful misgivings on the part of the legal gentleman, that he was about to be accessory to a wrong which might result in the ruin of a young man, and the woe of a young woman, and the ruin of a young man."

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broken wife appeared before a legal tribunal, seeking a divorce. Her counsel was in the greatest degree startled, when the husband, who had been at the trial, and who had been the witness instantly occurred to the counsel's mind. The painful incidents of a deserted wife, and the cruelties which had followed his gambling habits, then came up in fearful array before the individual who had saved him from his merited exposure.

The trial proceeded and a gradual succession of acts of injustice, neglect, coldness, alienation, domestic discord and cruelties, on the part of the husband, against a confiding and affectionate young wife, were disclosed, which melted the heart of the coldest spectator. His defence was feeble and his cause triumphed. Happily she was liberated from a most cruel and oppressive bondage, and her peace, and deprived her of that happiness which beamed upon her so joyously during the morning of her bridal day.

His fate hardly need even be briefly told. He soon lost the esteem of friends, if the gambler has friends, and his credit followed with his reputation. His fashionable establishment on Chesnut street was closed by the sheriff a few weeks since, and more recently he has been arrested for forgery. What a brief but melancholy detail of the fruits reaped from the pursuits of the gambler!

CONNECTIONS OF RELIGION.

To the Editor of The Maine Evangelist.

In the dissolution of the partnership between religion and those things which God has joined with it, both parties are injured.

The injury received from the separation must correspond with the benefit derived from the union. Godliness is profitable unto all things. It is profitable for the blessing of God upon it. Many a man has become bankrupt because he was not guided in his business transactions by Christian principles. Many, also, have risen to competence or wealth. Dishonesty may sometimes be the means of making a man suddenly rich, but to his riches the blessing of God will not be added.

Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. What real profit is there in riches that are acquired at the sacrifice of the integrity of the soul? The blessing of God will not be added to the riches of the unrighteous.

The injury which society receives from having the religious element extracted, appears from the necessity of religion to mold and regulate society, and preserve it from corruption. Good society never existed without religion.

When entirely separated from religion, the objects which they should chiefly seek, religion is the only substantial basis and support of morality. We look in vain for morality where the Christian religion is unknown.

When have moral reform societies been heard of, among the unenlightened heathen, or among the degraded and degraded nations, who have no religion? How often have we seen the most virtuous and noble spirits, who have been corrupted and weakened without it, made certain, not only by scripture, but by history and observation. All human governments are subordinate to the divine. They should conform to the principles of religion, and be guided by human selfishness and passion, as they will be, where religious principles are wanting, what can be expected but that they will run wild, and become engines of injustice, corruption, oppression and cruelty. It is thus that many a proud ship of state has been destroyed. God will not suffer nations, more than communities and individuals, to disregard his authority with impunity.

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When have moral reform societies been heard of, among the unenlightened heathen, or among the degraded and degraded nations, who have no religion? How often have we seen the most virtuous and noble spirits, who have been corrupted and weakened without it, made certain, not only by scripture, but by history and observation. All human governments are subordinate to the divine. They should conform to the principles of religion, and be guided by human selfishness and passion, as they will be, where religious principles are wanting, what can be expected but that they will run wild, and become engines of injustice, corruption, oppression and cruelty. It is thus that many a proud ship of state has been destroyed. God will not suffer nations, more than communities and individuals, to disregard his authority with impunity.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

A great drunkard in the Highlands of Invernesshire, was led to attend a lecture upon temperance. He was induced to become a member of a temperance society. For months the craving of his appetite for strong drink was excessive, but true to his resolution, he sets his face like a flint against every temptation. The march of his heart being thus drained of one poison, he next received the seed of the Word into his soul. It was hid there until quickened by the Sun of Righteousness, and nourished by the rains and dews of the Spirit, when it brought forth fruit in his Christian life and character. Having no settled occupation, he yet could not be idle, and having, by the help of a few friends, managed to stock a box with trinkets and other cheap wares, he set out as a pedlar. In the course of his travels he found himself at Balmoral, and thinking that if he could get the patronage of the Queen he would help him greatly, he resolved to make the attempt. There was something in his looks and manner which at once recommended him to the favor of some of the household officials, who took it in their power to put him into the notice of the Earl of Carlisle, then attending the Court as a Minister of State. The noble Earl with his usual frankness and goodness of heart, sympathized with Donald, and promised to recommend him to the Queen. When her Majesty came to know it, Donald was commanded to appear in the royal presence, and not with a most gracious reception. Not only did the Queen purchase of his wares, but gave him permission to wear the royal arms as the Queen's pedlar, and sent Donald away with a lighter heart and a heavier purse than he had when he entered the royal chamber. On leaving, the Earl of Carlisle took him to his room, and there presented Donald with a check of £100, with which to drink the Queen's health. Looking at it at first he felt a sort of trembling, but then, lifting up his heart in prayer for divine aid, he said, "Your lordship will excuse me—I cannot drink the Queen's health in wine, but I will drink it in water." The noble Earl asked his reasons. "My lord," said Donald, "I was a drunkard, I became an abstinence, and I trust by the grace of God, I have become a true Christian—but I know that if I were to taste intoxicating drink it would revive an appetite which is not dead but dying, and I should most likely go the whole length of the drunkard again. God has only promised to support me in the path of duty, and that path, in my case, is plainly to abstain." The noble Earl at once commended his Majesty for his honesty and frankness, and in taking leave, assured him that it would give her Majesty the highest satisfaction to know that she had among her devoted subjects, one who, in the midst of such strong temptations, could maintain his principles with integrity and honor. Donald left, rejoicing to think that he had been enabled to "drink to the glory of God."

THE INVENTOR OF FLAX COTTON.

The insanity of Chevalier Claussen, the inventor of flax cotton, has already been announced, but the London Spectator sketches the sad story of his life.

There is, or was until recently, a tall, handsome man confined in a lunatic asylum at Camberwell. He used to sit mournfully for days and weeks in a corner of his lone room, little given to talk, and less to physical exercise. Now and then, however, he broke out in a sudden blaze of excitement, repeating incoherent sentences, in which only the words "flax cotton" was distinctly audible. The unhappy man's name was Chevalier Claussen. By birth a Dane and a man of high scientific education, he gave himself up early to the study of practical chemistry, particularly those branches which are connected with the manufacture of textile fabrics. After years of labor and many experiments he came to the conclusion that the fiber of flax, if rightly manipulated, is superior to cotton for all purposes in which the latter is employed, and therefore ought to supersede it, as well on the account as being an indigenous plant, for the supply of which the East might be independent of serf or slave.

Claussen's experiments were well received in his own country, and his king gave him the title of chevalier, but, unfortunately, little other substantial encouragement. The inventor then went to France, married a young French lady, was presented at Court, and received the Order of the Legion of Honor; but again got little else but promises of future reward for the years of labor devoted to the one great object he had on his mind. Somewhat weary of his work, and sorely pressed by poverty, Chevalier Claussen next came to this country; arriving just in time for the International Exhibition of 1853. He displayed in the Hyde Park Palace some beautiful articles made of flax cotton, and set all the world in raptures